

# ABOUT THE SPIRIT WORLD

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I WAS THINKING ABOUT A STORY,  
THIS afternoon, and it just was frustrating  
to think of how hard it can be to say, '*Oh,  
okay, if I've touched a nerve, I didn't mean  
to, and just, I know the damage was done,  
but now can I just put you back up where*

*you were?'* You can see, the general attitude, *where I don't want to affect outcomes negatively, in any case.* I also don't want to encroach physically upon formative visions. When we speak of self transformation, we're talking about something that comes from within a person... *not anything that is imposed, most importantly. 'When things are in order, in your life, then the spirit world will reveal itself to you... not until.'* In my life, I had found myself obsolete, and facing the glaring fact, *that I was missing an important basic component... this allowed spirit to enter my life.* Do you understand

what I am trying to tell you? It will come, you might just have to, first exhaust the false promises, of mind expanding drugs which promise instant enlightenment. Change has to come from within your self. *At a point you'll see the importance of approaching your well being soberly... and holding on to this sobriety.* You'll see that inner transformation *isn't dependent on any chemical crutch, but can be an infinite upwelling, which you couldn't stop, or prevent even if you wanted to.* You might think you need marijuana to accomplish your consciousness goals... *I know, that I myself did, and I could have gotten into big*

*trouble... I could have even died, from a road accident. I had to be brought into communion with the spirit presences about my life. There was no other way. A 'weed powered' life, isn't really living at all. This present Planet Earth has a vast East West problem. It's going to take nothing less than Angelic guidance, to get Mankind through the labyrinth, or maze of challenges and threats to our well being as a civilization. This is what I'm so important to impress upon people. I'm a primitive, rude, self isolating scare crow, compared to the perfect grace and wisdom of the Spirit world. I'm like a ply wood prop in*

**a stage play... I possess no sense of my own alone.** *Any sensibility that comes through my writers voice, does so only by grace of the spirit world, in Angelic, nurturance modality.* There's an issue with the enlightened perspective... in how it alternatively soars so high, and can attain such rare bliss, and light... but then, this clear light always tends to collapse back upon itself, and return to a chaotic state. *This is a sneaky, tricky transformation, which happens to my consciousness numerous times each day...* the hard part is in recognizing that the mind's state has changed, *and learning the steps to take to*

*bring the enlightened bliss back.* Even if this means lying flat on your back in bed for an hour or more. There's nothing any more crucial than restoring peace to the chaotic mind... *because in the chaotic state, you'll say and do things you didn't mean to.* It's important to understand, that *it's better to close off entirely, in bed, than to birth chaos into the fragile world.* Well, just some thoughts. I just can't get over this thought, *of how I'm just a stuffed scarecrow, compared to the limitless abundance and grace of the spirit world.* We think of things that have empirical values... a table, a notebook. Your bed.

The Knights of the Round Table were about something concrete, and tangible... *the Queen, and they were in her service.* You could see her, and smell her, and feel her. She was a real presence. *But, the spirit world, has no quantifiable existence... no one's even really sure quite what it is... or what it's for.* It appears to be the source of a lot of subjective experience... *maybe, if the Hindi mystics are to be believed, it's the Beginning, and Destination of everything real in the entire universe.* Anything great, and true comes through the presence, and the indwelling of the spirit. *Yet, it's hard to be conclusive about something you just*

*can't see. But, without it, I'm just a lifeless husk. I'll never forget feeling empty, lifeless, like I had no substance within myself, no story to tell, or gift to bring. I was out side of the Abundant life, and that wasn't the place I wanted to be. People want security... it's the highest aim. (Along with the 'richness of intellect,' which comes with consciousness of the spirit world.) It's very easy to talk in this way... putting spirit consciousness ahead of other qualities. But, if being born into life on Earth means being forgetful of the spiritual realities, for a term, and having a silent mind, which isn't a part of the*



'spiritual conversation,' manually, *then shouldn't such a youth be given books to read, above all else? Won't he or she educate himself?* However, the silence of mind won't last forever. *The traumas, and stressors of puberty will enter any life, and then that, and it's 'mirror consciousness,' differentiates the mind.* For myself, though, this awakening to ones own self, *was just too profound a shift, and I completely lost track of my wellbeing, in the rush to alter my own consciousness chemically.* I'm just grateful that I survived those tests. This is an interesting article to write... Spirit is in charge of this writing, as

much of it is somewhat far out, *and requires the cradling, and full guidance of a compassionate, benevolent 'genetic help mate.'* I would have 'remained in darkness,' for sure, without this guide, and companion. *So, for myself, this Grandmother Spider, is completely meaningful, and can't be left out of the spiritual conversation.* Anyways, this story here is a lot more meaningful for myself to talk about, than talking about the presence of some kind of 'Christ consciousness...' the concept of Grandmother Spider is a much more complex, and complete thought... *Maybe, we could learn a lot*

*more about the spirit world, if we were resting in a terminology which we didn't even understand the etymology for, as in that 'Christ like,' term... which seems to be derived from 'child,' and 'zeitgeist.'* Does this make any sense to you? I can't end this article now, as this would be abrupt. So, I'll fill my reader in about the weather we've been having. Today, we've got chances for a lot of sporadic rain, here in my state, and there's a risk for tornado, as well. The day is Friday, and I'm up early... I was up at three thirty, and got my shower, and got to some writing, here. I hope that it finds you restful, and contented. At any

rate. This has been some concerted thinking, that's for sure. I guess that I'll wrap this writing up, and place it in with the others, now. All for now, Greg.